

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"House Nigga"

Let me see, let me see
How should I start
If I say stop the violence, I won't chart
Maybe I should write some songs like mozart
'cause many people don't believe rap is an art
Wake up, shake up, hypocrite look alive
Blastmaster krs-one will revive
Four or five million still deprived
When out to survive, wake up and realize
Some people say I am a rap missionary
Some people say I am a walking dictionary
Some people say I am truly legendary
But what I am is simply a black revolutionary
I write rhymes on plain stationary
Mary, mary, quite contrary
Doesn't make sense in my vocabulary
Uncle tom house niggaz, too scary
So they can't be around, I don't do this
For every jesus, there must be a judas
It's the concept of the house nigga, field nigga
The house nigga will sell you up the river
So to massa, he'll look bigger
And when ya bet under a rock, he'll slither
But I'll grab the tail of the house nigga
Pull the trigger and his head I'll deliver
To the court of righteous people
Black, white, or indian, we're all equal
So all ya racist codes I'll decode, explode
And eat you like apple pie a la mode
On a hot day, don't bring me no hamhocks
Cause round the clock, I'll kick their buttocks
All afternoon in the classroom, in the living room
In the bathroom, in the swimming pool
On a footstool, then I'll stop -- nope, april fools!
Whip out the baseball bat and somehow
March your racist butt to moscow

Ya know what I'm saying?
Are there any, are there any intelligent people in the house?

What can I say, o ye of little faith
To think that krs-one has surely been erased
What a waste, my finger points at the face of the human race

They're confused and misplaced
My words are subliminal, sometimes metaphysical
I teach, not preach, you want a challenge? I'll start dissin you
 I go philosophical by topical
 Hearin the call, ignorant, hot tropical
 Ya want a palm tree and nice dope shade?
 Only if the universal law is obeyed
 Which is "know thyself" for better mental health
 Yet so many rappers are preoccupied with wealth
 On my shelf I got titles
 Other artists want belts and idols
 World cups from seminars and conventions
 Competition and not to mention
 The award shows for pimps and hoes
 And every other hypocrite that flaunt their clothes
 Krs knows, so he just grows
Always sayin somethin different from the average joe's
 So I confront them with the biggest chain
 But it doesn't rate albums, I believe it is the brain
 So I'll remain free while you reign, I'm lovin it
 You be the king and I'll overthrow your government
 Send your crew to berlin or dublin
 I'll out-think em, chump em, and shrink em
 Down to ya size, despite the cries
 In the face of intelligence, ignorance dies
 Dear, it's simple edutainment
 Rap needed a teacher, so I became it
 Rough and ready, the beats are very steady
 With lyrics sharp as a machete
 Clap, there's another house niggaz neck
 Another soft unlcce tom crew is in check
 Ego wrecked and rhymes corrected
 By krs-one, produced and directed